



• HENRY • HUNT •

LIFE

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You
Ask For



Panhard Oil For Your Automobile Be Sure You Get It.

There is so much substitution in the oil business nowadays that you cannot afford to be careless and depend on the say-so of the dealer.

PANHARD OIL

"The Oil in the Checkerboard Can"

In its new can with sealed spout protects you against substitution of inferior oils—against all the costly engine trouble caused by poor oil carbonizing in the cylinders.

Always make sure the seal is unbroken.

When you buy Panhard Oil in bulk, satisfy yourself that it IS Panhard Oil. The oil that proves not by color, but by actual test in your car, that it is free from carbon.

If your engine carbonizes you have absolute proof that Panhard Oil is not being used.

Our booklet, "Lubrication," is full of practical hints. It will tell you the right grade of Panhard Oil.

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86 Pine St. New York

The Wonderful Solarclipse Lamp

throws two distinct rays; one powerful long distance field of light—and one short-distance. The first is thrown over one thousand feet ahead—the second directly in front of the motor car.

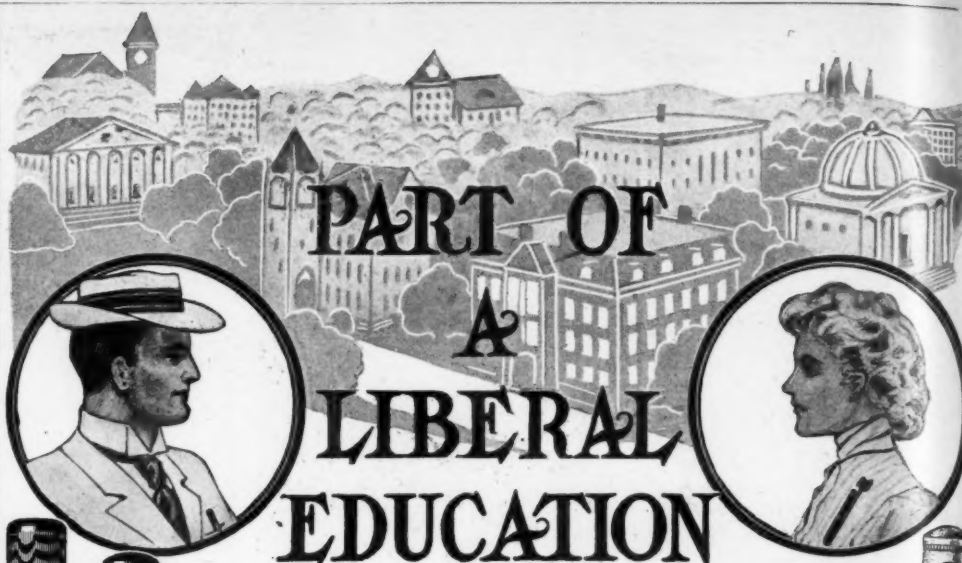
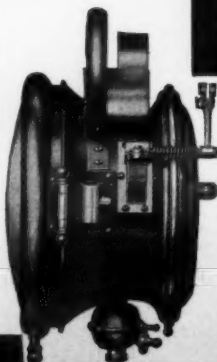
It is generally admitted that the blinding glare from a Headlight or "Search" impairs the usefulness of the lamp, when city driving is necessary.

The Automatic Self-Eclipsing Mechanism

makes it possible to suppress the long distance ray at will—this leaves the road immediately before the car brilliantly illuminated. Solarclipse Lamps completely solve the acetylene lighting problem.

Complete description of this wonderful lamp in our 1908 catalog sent free upon request.

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Manufacturing Co.**
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Kenosha, Wis.



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The times and the schools demand that the best things shall be done, and done in the best manner. Education enables one to produce the greatest results with the least friction, just as

Waterman's The pen with Ideal the Clip-Cap Fountain Pen

accomplishes the best work in a smooth, finished manner. It is indispensable to professional and business men and women who are now in the making—a necessary part of their higher education. Because it is free from dip, skip or slip it is most universally used in recording modern thought and business.

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Especially recommended to smokers of Havana cigars
*** Satisfaction without inhaling ***

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Important to see that it is Abbott's.



Hiram Frog: TELL YOU WHAT, BETSY, THERE'LL HAVE TO BE A GUARDIAN APPOINTED FOR DEACON DRAKE. WHY, HE'S SO NEAR-SIGHTED HE'S BEEN TRYING TO SPARK WITH THAT WOODEN DUCK FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR.

INSIDE OUT

Dr. C. H. Benton, of Chester, W. Va., says that drunkenness is the result of auto-intoxication—that man's wretchedly cooked food, fermenting in his stomach, brings on a very painful auto-intoxication wherein the sufferer turns for relief to alcohol.

It was at the American Medical Association's convention in Chicago that Dr. Benton made this novel statement, and at one of the association's dinners he said afterward:

"To escape the tortures of auto-intoxication men should marry women of intelligence. Then their food would be properly looked after, and with healthy stomachs they would shun drunkenness as one shuns smallpox or any other hateful affliction.

"But men worship beauty. They marry for beauty. When a man marries a woman for her mind he is deemed eccentric, even foolish.

"A Chester lawyer married a young woman of exquisite mind—a thin, big-headed girl in spectacles. He would never suffer from auto-intoxication, no doubt of that. A friend from the East was introduced to the lady one night, and later on the bridegroom said to him:

"George, what do you think of her?"

"George puffed thoughtfully on his cigar.

"Well," he said, 'to tell you the truth, she isn't much to look at, is she?'

"The husband's face fell.

"Ah, but," he said eagerly, 'what a mind she has! Externally, perhaps, she isn't all that could be desired, but within—ah! George, she has a beautiful mind.'

"George smiled.

"Then have her turned," he said.—*Washington Star*.

CANDIDATE AND LAW

The late Albert Pell, a Conservative member of Parliament, who devoted his life to the betterment of agriculture, the prevention of cattle disease and the administration of the poor laws, was a man of ready wit.

It is stated in a recently published volume of reminiscences of Mr. Pell that during an election he was asked if he was not the member who had made the law which commanded poor men to support their parents.

"No," he rapped out: "that is an older law. It was written by God Almighty on two tables of stone and brought down by Moses from Mount Sinai; and as far as I can make out, Thomas, it is the stone and not the law that has got into your heart."—*Youth's Companion*.

"WUNST I got a dollar a word." "G'wan!" "Fact. Fer talking back to a judge."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



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Riding and Shooting Outfits.
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BROADWAY COR. TWENTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK

Did You Ever Have

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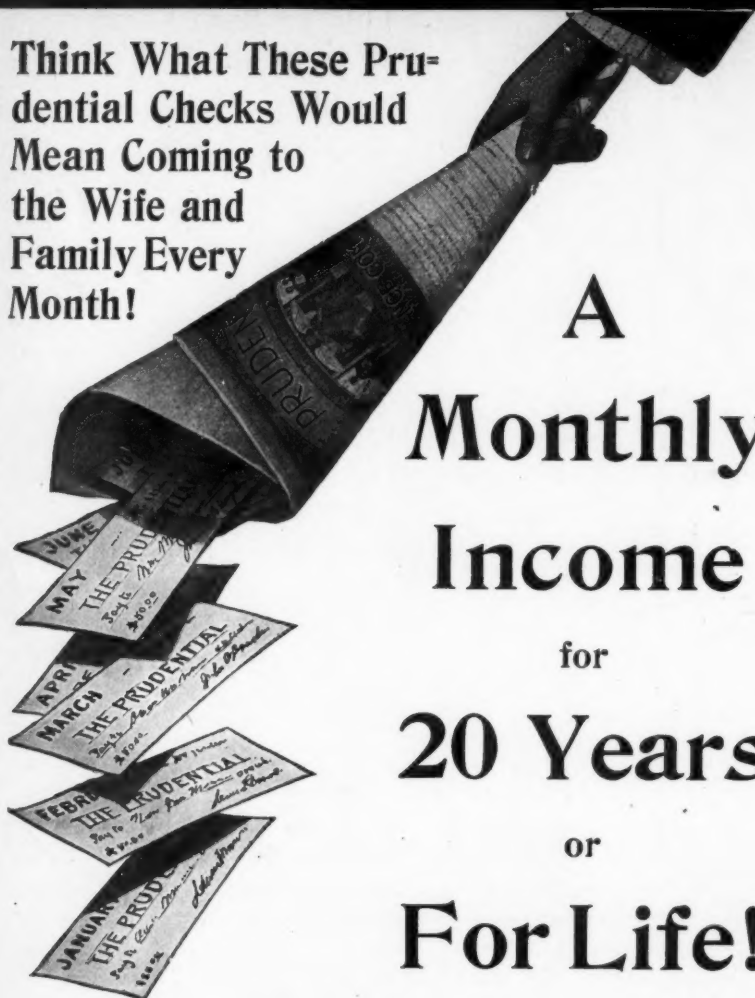


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LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 17 West 31st Street, New York

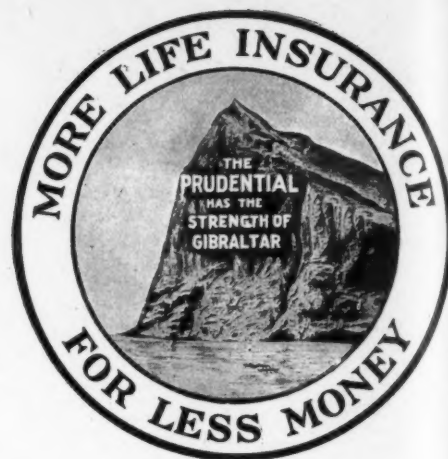
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Mean Coming to
the Wife and
Family Every
Month!



A
Monthly
Income
for
20 Years
or
For Life!

The Prudential's
Very Newest Idea
In Life Insurance

At age 30, for \$167.35 a year, during your life (a saving of
\$13.95 a month) your family Will Receive after your death
\$50.00 Every month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!
At slightly higher cost, the income would continue for life!



SUPPOSE your salary should permanently
cease to day by your death, what would your
family do? What have you provided for
them in its place? THE PRUDENTIAL has a
new and perfect plan. Read this carefully. Say
you are 30 years old; a monthly income of \$50.00
a month for your family for 20 years after your
death, or \$12,000 in all to them, would cost you
now only \$167.35 per year, or \$13.95 per month
during your life. Think of what your family
could do with a check of \$50.00 sent them on the first
of EVERY MONTH, EVERY YEAR for 20 years
by THE PRUDENTIAL. If your wife should die
within the 20 years the money would still go to
your children or other heirs for the remainder of
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by THE PRUDENTIAL. In other words, you
can practically arrange in advance yourself for
the proper investment of your life insurance
money through this new policy of THE PRU-
DENTIAL instead of leaving it for your wife or
children to do. These checks will be sent each
month by THE PRUDENTIAL to your heirs and
THE PRUDENTIAL has the Strength of Gibraltar
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The checks will supply the money necessary to
buy food, clothing, rent and education to those
whom you now support, and the money will come
regularly each and every month for 20 years, mind
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made to continue for life.

Give to every mother in America even a small
income and in the strength of her character,
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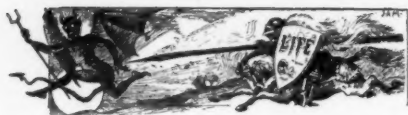
Home Office, Newark, N. J.

LIFE



Impecunious Visitor: YOUR BUTLER SEEMS LIKE A FASTIDIOUS AND SUPERIOR CHAP.

"THAT'S ONLY HIS WAY. AFTER YOU HAVE GIVEN HIM A COUPLE OF HUNDRED, OLD FELLOW, HE'LL BEGIN TO THAW OUT."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. III SEPTEMBER 24, 1908 No. 1352

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE may be on the eve of some late-born political excitement in connection with the Presidential campaign, but still at this writing public interest clings to baseball and flying machines, particularly flying machines. Orville Wright's two hour-long flights in his aeroplane at Fort Meyer on September 9 made a very definite impression on the public mind. Count Zeppelin's airship was truly enough a remarkable craft, but ballooning, however perfected, is not flying. Whereas the Wrights, and the other successful aeroplane persons really do fly. The difference is the difference between swimming on bladders and swimming without. The Wrights have not got aviation on the Pullman car basis yet, but they seem to have got far enough along to be entitled to say "This is how to do it!" That is an immense distance to have progressed from the Darius Green stage, when the very idea of a flying machine was a joke, and people had very much the same feeling about experimenters in them that they still have about experimenters in spiritism.

The Wrights seem to be the best man-birds in the business, their personal skill in flying being as remarkable as their machines. That is what the French experts seem to admire most in Wilbur Wright, and very handsome and generous have been some of the French reports about him and his experiments, notwithstanding he had come over seas to compete with Frenchmen.

That the Wrights will perfect a war-machine of practical usefulness seems almost assured. That is a great deal

to do. From that to the great passenger-carrying air-cars that Kipling and Wells like to imagine and the story book illustrators like to draw is a long, long ways; but mankind seems to have a great deal of time left in which to do things, and it keeps doing them, so that now it takes a bolder prophet to say what won't happen in aerial navigation than what will. Dr. Simon Newcomb out of his great erudition made some guesses about it in a magazine article a while ago, but they are only guesses. No one can do more than guess.



THE funniest thing in the political campaign is the attacks made on Taft because he is a Unitarian. They are probably too silly to amount to anything, though not too silly to get Senator Burkett of Nebraska into the ridiculous scrape of making public denial that Taft is a Unitarian. Maybe he is not, but he thinks he is, his parents being so tagged, and his own persuasion coming by direct inheritance. It all makes one begin to have prickings of curiosity to read the election returns and see how various groups of voters voted and learn why they voted as they did. There seem to be more undercurrents than usual in this campaign, and some of them may turn out to be stronger than is expected. As heretofore expounded, the whole country has partaken bountifully for the last five years of Roosevelt's intoxicating bowl, and of other bowls quite as prejudicial to sobriety, and the voting may show very curious results of all those stimulants.



IT seems more valiant than wise of Taft to take the stump against Bryan, whose great specialty is speech. But perhaps the Western voters need the evidence of their senses that there is a real man running on the Republican ticket. Mr. Taft can talk excellent sense, but speechmaking is with him a supplementary accomplishment, whereas with Brother Bryan every-

thing else is supplementary and speech the main exhibit. The substance of Brother Bryan's remarks makes very little difference. He can make anything go in a crowd by his skilful manner of imparting it, a fact that gives him an advantage over Brother Taft, who must use considerable discretion about what he says. The Republican party and platform being what they are makes it seem somewhat like egg-dancing to say much about them, but so long as Mr. Taft can talk about himself he will be safe, and as a visual exhibition he is sure to impress and gratify the largest crowds.



ABOUT forty-five million dollars is wanted for schools for next year by the Board of Education of the City of New York. This includes a bond issue of about twelve million dollars for new school buildings. The appropriation, when it is made, will take care of between 550,000 and 600,000 pupils, including about 25,000 high school pupils. It will include \$3,600,000 for increase of teachers' salaries. Leaving out the money to be borrowed for building, the figures indicate a cost of from \$50 to \$60 apiece for instructing the young minds of the metropolis. Besides the instruction thus paid for by taxation, thousands of other pupils are taught in private schools and church schools, especially the schools of the Roman Catholic Church.

Is there not something in these dry figures that would make edifying reading for some of our Western observers who think of New York chiefly as a town whose inhabitants ride in automobiles, devour lobsters late at night in restaurants, drink and gamble profusely, riot in wealth easily obtained in Wall Street, and practice in their short hours of labor to get unearned money away from the rest of the country?

How different, how very different from all that is the real New York, with its back bent to this great task of keeping upward of a million children at school.





THINGS YOU SEE WHEN YOU TRAVEL

Who Knows

TO stop all noise is New York's cry—
A need that's purely human.
Perhaps we may—well—by and by
Produce a noiseless woman.

Progress Toward True Liberty

THE *Saturday Evening Post* augurs well of the growing American habit of mortgaging the family dwelling to buy an automobile. The *Post* says it makes for the simplification of life and the raising of spirits. Heretofore, it says, Americans have gone in too much for houses and like possessions, the maintenance and extension of which continually demand expenditure of more energy. The Japanese are different. They do not accumulate burdensome

possessions; consequently they are a very cheerful people. Now that the Americans are getting out of houses and into automobiles, "resolving all their possessions into a single and comparatively simple piece of property," all that will be changed, and the Americans will grow light-hearted like the Japanese.

Maybe so, and yet there is something to be said for houses. They are taxed, to be sure, but their mechanism is simpler than the automobiles; their tires wear rather better, and so long as their roofs continue to shed water they are handier to sleep and work in. Hot and cold water have not as yet been generally introduced into autos, which is to their advantage on the side of simplicity, but against them as regards convenience.

On the whole, the emancipation of a citizen who has mortgaged his house to buy an auto must be considered to be progressing. Judicious neglect of the mortgage and taxes will soon relieve him of the house, and timely inattention to the appetite of the auto will free him in a few brief months from that care also. Then he can live in a tree or a lodging house, ride a bicycle, spend all his money on himself, and have fun.

LOBSTER and champagne for supper—that's high jinks. Sawdust and near-coffee for breakfast—that's hygiene. Between these two eminences, however, there's room for some genuine living.

Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,308.30
Walter, Gilbert and James Stearns.....	32.50
Small bazaar held at Mantoloking, N. J., by Almy and Marion, Dorothy and Rita, Margaret and Virginia.....	45.00
Frank Drummond.....	25.00
"In Memoriam".....	15.00
Twitchell Lake Sunday School....	9.15
	\$6,434.95



Making Out the Bill

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

TMy Dear Sir—The next time that you are as hard up for something to print as you were when you printed the article mentioned below you might publish the following:

The writer of "Professional Services Rendered," in your issue of August 13, 1908, is evidently one of those unfortunate individuals who has fallen into the hands of some unscrupulous member of the medical profession, has been "stung," and now has a sore head.

It is a fact that there are men in the profession who will get money in any way that they can, and "lumping" a bill may be a convenient method of obtaining their purpose. To consider this as "rather nice evidence of the 'sense of honor' in the medical profession" shows the broadmindedness of the writer of the above mentioned article.

Any man who wants an itemized bill from a doctor can have it for the asking, and the asking will probably cause him less embarrassment than receiving an itemized bill with a discount on it because of inability of patient to pay.

Yes, the hotel keeper always gives an itemized bill. How many persons does he care for who cannot pay for food or lodging?

Do not measure the medical profession by a few of its smallest members.

Find a man to whom you will absolutely trust the care of your body, and your pocketbook will be safe. Very truly yours,

R. R. F.

"Broke! Broke! Broke!"

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Parody is very easy. If it is witty and closely follows the original it is sometimes worth printing. I knew a man who parodied the Childe Harold stanza beginning "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and nearly split his sides laughing. He had the blues at the time. Some friends also laughed less immoderately. An editor wished to

print it, but the parodist refused because he loved the original.

I would not wish to read parodies of the Lord's Prayer or Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. I think the poem containing the lines

"But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still," should be sacred from desecration by reason of its beauty. I am sorry you printed "Broke! Broke! Broke!" in a recent number.

Always with kind regards,

NEW YORK CITY.

Selrahe.

Diary of an African Lion

TO-DAY I am possessed of a nameless dread. I never felt that way before. Can it be that I am to be talked to death? I went down into the kraal

this morning for a little constitutional. Saw a man with a typewriter on his back skulking behind the trees. This looks ominous.

Passed a herd of elephants this morning. Leader laughed when I told him my fears. "Yes," he said, "I have heard that a mighty hunter from the West is coming. But if you keep with us you are all right. My brother in Washington says we are immune." And me the king of beasts!

Forebodings continue. I seem to be enveloped by an atmosphere of high morality that I don't like. I'm used to preying—not praying. Oh, why should he come? I'll be roaring fonetikly next. I—

(NOTE.—Diary breaks off abruptly here. Result unknown.)



Who's What

In and Out of America



Seton, Ernest Thompson.—Nature fakir in ordinary to the President, honorary member of the Liars' Club and husband of Mrs. Seton. This gentleman was born in England and divided his time between the back woods of Canada and the literary footlights. He draws pictures, the long bow, and checks. When not in pursuit of Sand Hill stags, grizzly bears, and free advertising, he can be seen in full Indian costume posing for his hired photographer, whom he engages at a yearly salary. Author of "Lives of the Posers," "Wild Animals I Thought I Knew," "Me and Nature," etc. Occupation: Climbing downward. Favorite flower: Narcissus. Address care John Burroughs, Hudson River.

Puzzle—Find the Thief

"Thou Shalt Not Steal."
Every passenger who doesn't pay his fare—steals.
Every conductor who doesn't turn in fares collected—steals.

—Car Sign.

"THOU shalt not steal."

Every street railway company that doesn't pay living salaries—steals.

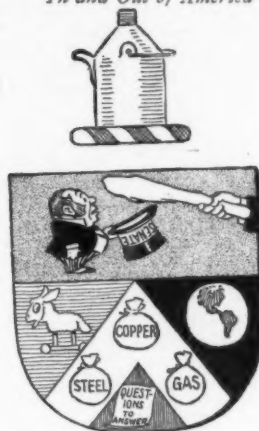
Every street railway company that doesn't give transfers—steals.

Every street railway company that works its men over hours—steals.

Every street railway company that charges a fare for a standing passenger—steals.

Every street railway company that charges two fares to Coney Island—steals.

"Thou shalt not steal."



NEVER GIVE UP

Rogers, H. H.—One of the Standard Oil triplets, friend of Mark Twain, and part owner of the earth. This gentleman was born in Fairhaven, Mass.; hatched at 26 Broadway, and crows regularly over the United States Senate, Thomas Lawson and the State Legislature. He is passionately fond of all minerals, and absorbs copper, steel, gas and large change at sight. He supports a large number of widows and orphans in splendid poverty, and when met in a dark alley at midnight has never been known to fail. Author of "Bond Issues I Have Got Away With," "The Spoiler," "Impudent Answers," "The Uninvestigated Life," etc. Motto: "Never Give Up." Recreation: Working others. Address Third Furnace on the Left, Three Aisles Down.

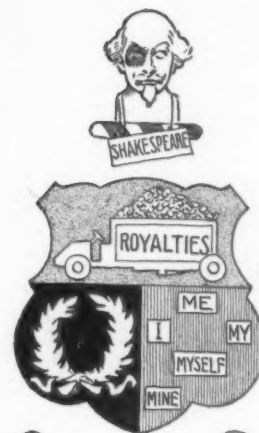
Being Mean

THE question arises, Can one be economical without being mean?

A man who is naturally mean will always be economical. If a man who is not economical attempts to become so he will learn that the easiest way is first to learn to be mean. If he has a generous impulse he must curb it.

During the first part of our lives we should be as mean as we can. When we have accumulated more than we need we should devote the last part to cultivating our generous impulses.

No successful man is a philanthropist before he is fifty.



HALL CAINES LOOK ALIKE TO ME

Caine, Hall.—A denizen of the Isle of Man, who broke loose several years ago and has never been suppressed since. He looks like Shakespeare, acts like a press agent, and writes like thirty cents. He carries his whiskers with him wherever he goes, and they have become a household word wherever there is a bookseller. Some years ago he visited all the principal jails of America, exciting the passion of every keeper. Since then he has been under the protection of the British Empire. Favorite occupation: Hall Caine. Motto: "Hall Caines Look Alike to Me." Address care of Hall Caine.

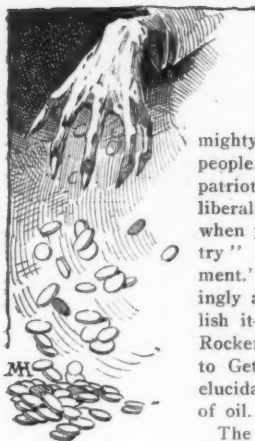


A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

Modern

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was up to date;
Nine-tenths of it was cotton waste,
The rest was under weight.

The Super-Businessman



HE is master of the situation. In his presence artists, poets, philosophers and vagabonds alike feel cheap and ill at ease. He is a stupefying fact, an exalted commonplace by the grace of the almighty dollar and the sufferance of a free people. Although reactionary and intensely patriotic, he will at times show a certain liberality. For instance, he will not object when you or I call his country "our country" and his government "our government." Also, he will give his advice willingly and freely, and have the papers publish it—I need only mention kind old Mr. Rockefeller's advice to young men, "How to Get the Upper Hand in Life," further elucidated by a sudden jump in the price of oil.

The Super-Businessman does not possess a soul. If this universe be rational, if life be a preparatory school for something better to come, then my pity goes out to him. He is a creature of this earth pure and simple. He fits too well into his environment. Not having a soul, he is not afraid to blaspheme by going to church on Sundays and calling himself a Christian. A more dignified position for him would be to believe with Nietzsche that there ought to be a reservation set apart for the elect "in the beyond good and evil."

But he is hopelessly bourgeois. He has affected our social life profoundly, and his mere presence at a gathering transforms the very atmosphere into a business atmosphere, which latter is not unlike the darkness that covered the Middle Ages. You may have your passion for truth and justice. In his presence all this must remain buried within you. He has cast a veil over the pageant in the skies and has blotted the beauty and mystery of earth and the heavens before your eyes and out of your consciousness. He does not walk the by-paths looking for flowers; no wild curiosity impels him to go out of his sphere. Fools are sounding the depths of the seas and climbing the mountain peaks; fools wander among the comets at will and singe their garments on the hottest star; fools sing Iliads, write books of wisdom, build systems of philosophy and suffer for the sake of unrecognized truth. Not knowing that clouds are gathering around him, he sits there serene, powerful, commonplace, soulless, symbolizing the irony in the scheme of things.

F. Eifer.

Science

SCIENCE is a device for getting people so occupied with materialistic minutiae that they can have no conception of large truths. Oriental philosophy, based on a calm contempt of littleness, had been brought, by spiritual contemplation, near to discoveries which would have put valuable errors on the blink, but Western effrontery sent its missionaries, backed up with reeking tube and iron shard, and put an end to that sort of thing. We've got the ships; we've got the men; we've got the money, too! Why shouldn't we force our obsessions on the whole world?

Oil

THIS country is very rich in its oils and for this reason is known among all other countries as a smooth proposition. There are practically two classes of oil, namely, Standard, and what is left over after the Standard is through.

These classes are again divided into various kinds. Machine oil is used on sewing machines and by the Republican and Democratic parties.

Salad or olive oil comes from the cotton belt, and is used by puzzle makers on salads. Then the consumers guess what's in it.

Automobile oil is used to blow in the faces of people; also to spray the road. Kerosene oil is used to light kitchen fires. Midnight oil is going out, being replaced by electricity and best sellers.

Most oils come from oil wells and are conducted by lead pipe cinches to points of distribution. The lead pipe cinch is a patent invention created by Mr. Rockefeller, and now in general use by all capitalists.

When the oil reaches its destination it is just as fresh as when it started on its journey, but owing to the state of the weather, the condition of the roads and the prospect of a close winter, the price is doubled.

Oils are used for purposes of lubrication. When properly oiled, bills easily go through Congress, votes slip into ballot boxes without friction and campaigns become almost noiseless.

Oil is frequently placed on the troubled waters of Wall Street, with splendid results.

B RIGGS: Even divorce, nowadays, offers no sure relief.

GRIGGS: How so?

"Why, in nine cases out of ten a man is free to marry again."



REVERIES OF A MOTOR-MAID

The Price

"BEFORE a window to admire a
Remarkably ornate tiara
A lady, compassed by obesity
Exclaimed, "Oh, my!
How very high
For such an absolute necessity!"

A Sudden Cure

WE met occasionally—myself and the man who always has advice to offer. I mentioned my wife, my dear, trusting, loving wife.

"Of course," I said, in a burst of confidence, "Adele tries hard, but she will exceed her allowance, and——"

He put his hand on my arm.

"Old man," he said, "I know. I understand. Now, if I were in your place, I would lay out a line of conduct. I would figure the whole thing out, then I would tell her gently, always gently, just what I could do, and I'd stick to it. I wouldn't waver. It will be a trifle hard at first, but it's justice to her. That's what I would do—if I were in your place."

I thought it might be a good idea, and we parted.

We met again.

"I haven't made up my mind," I said—unguardedly—"just where to go for my vacation. It's a rather hard matter to decide."

He looked at me affectionately.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to interfere, but I think I know. If I were in your place I would go——"

He spent half an hour in showing me.



BILLY DOUX

"PERHAPS THIS WILL REACH HIS HEART"



I ALWAYS DID ADMIRE TALL MEN

Our memories are unstable. The next time I ran across him I had forgotten. "I'm in a quandary," I exclaimed, "over an investment. I was offered a piece of real estate yesterday, which looks good. On the other hand, there are some bonds——"

He clasped my hand rapturously.

"I'm so glad you mentioned it," he exclaimed. "I think I can see you right. I have certain information. Now, if I were in your place——"

I got away in an hour.

Perhaps I should have avoided him, but he was really a good fellow. He had what is often referred to as "A kind heart." Besides, he was intelligent.

"Shall I get a suit made to order, or

one ready made?" I said on the next occasion.

"If I were in your place——" he said, calmly, "I——"

Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but the worm will turn.

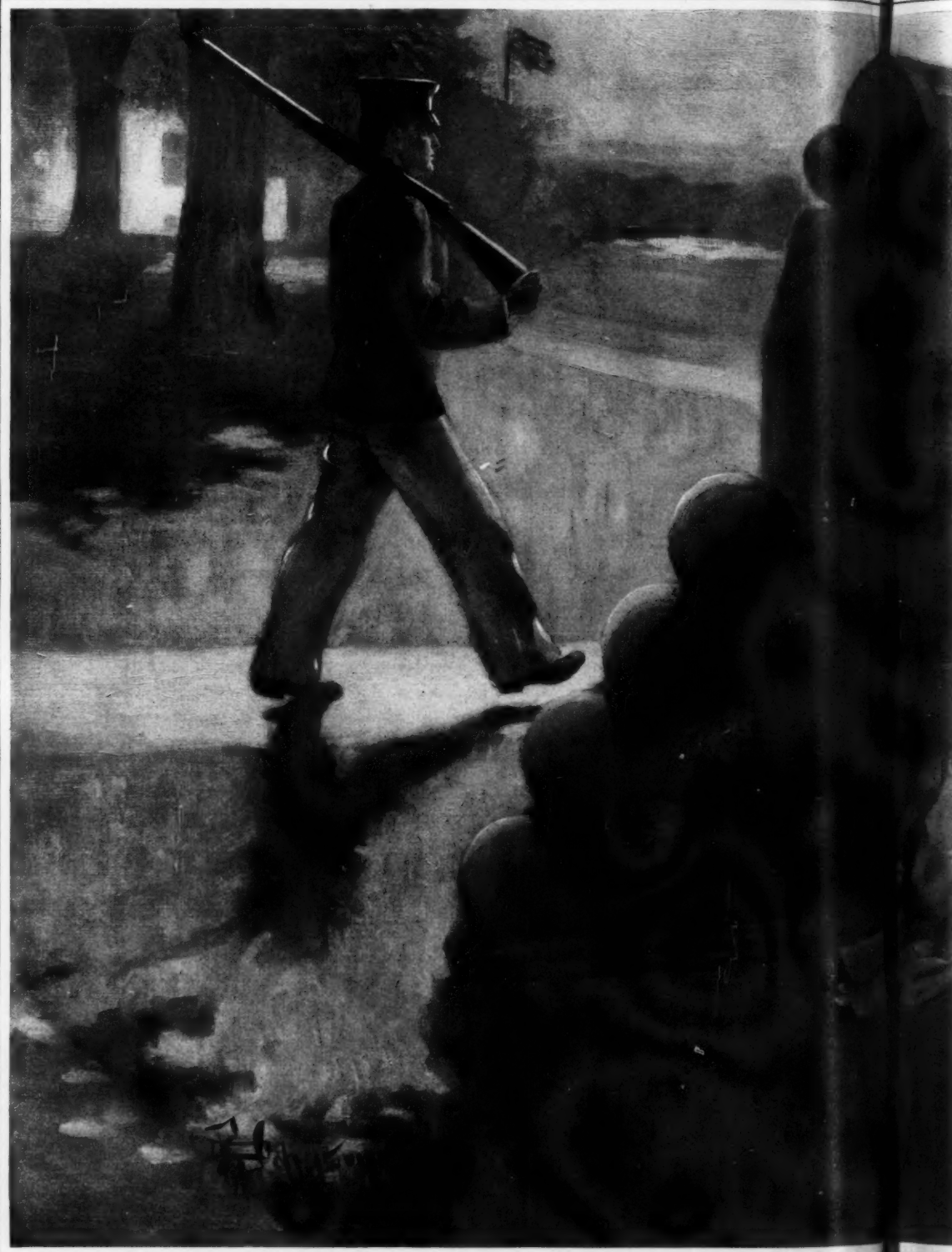
"Look here!" I cried, fiercely. "Enough of this. If you were in my place, you exasperating idiot, you would do as I do, confound you!"

And then he rose up in his wrath.

"No, I wouldn't!" he cried. "If I were in your place I'd have character and decision enough about me to decide matters for myself and not go hesitating about the world trying to excite the sympathy of decent men"

And suddenly, as I humbly apologized, a great light dawned upon me.

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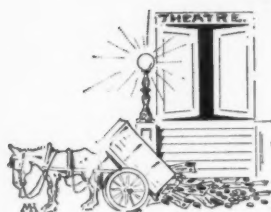
THE MAN THE GUN

The Search

I thought that Happiness was having money.
And like the busy bee that gathers honey
I worked and toiled and got a goodly store,
Now Happiness, I find, is having—More!



The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs



THE man who, in his greed for gold, killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, has never been considered a financial genius. And yet he has had his imitators. If rumors of theatrical disaster, current even this early in the new theatrical season, are true, the goose man is the prototype of the two or three monopolists who, through their control of bookings, have the American theatre by the throat. The theatrical goose may not be entirely dead, but its financial symptoms are grave ones. The policy of these booking agents has been to exalt the commercial end of the theatre and ignore its literary and artistic side. New theatres they could build and buy everywhere, gorgeous scenery and costumes were only a matter of price, rough-house comedians they could surround with regiments of pretty and shapely silly women. Transportation they could arrange, and pay for, and they could cover acres of bill-boards with blazing posters. They could even control a large section of the press by bribery and bulldozing. But their brutal tyranny and their greedy exactions are driving from their theatres and out of the business that class of men known as producing managers. These are also theatrical business men, but they are adventurers who have some breadth of vision and some understanding of what art and literature mean to the stage. Now that the public is tiring of the only kind of entertainment that the theatrical monopolists know how to provide, they find themselves in something of a quandary. They have brow-beaten and starved out so many creators of legitimate entertainment that they find themselves with more theatres on their hands than they can supply with any but tawdry attractions which the public will not patronize. Whether they hold these theatres by ownership, lease, or contract, they are bound not to destroy their value entirely. Every failure of a production made under the auspices of the booking syndicate means later on a chain of empty theatres. This is where the goose simile comes in. The monopolists had, and for that matter, still have, the finest money-producing system ever known in the history of the theatre. But they wanted all the money, and they wanted it all at once.

If the booking syndicate, through its own greed, should come to the smash it deserves, it would mean chaos for a little while, but out of that chaos might be born a far better theatrical world than we have now. Smash, or no smash, expensive experience is likely to teach the syndicate that while it may be possible to bulldoze and bilk all the public part of the time, etc., brains and culture deserve some recognition even in the theatre.



THE PRIMA DONNA

It's no cinch to look just in your twenty-first year
With a past of eight husbands or so;
When you have to think twice, when you smile, just for fear
The enamel will crack and let go.



"LUFFY RUFFLES," at the Criterion, is a fair example of the kind of entertainment that our managerial demi-gods consider the best appeal to the average American crowd. The character which gives the piece its title was created by a newspaper comic supplement. As usual in those vast deserts devoid of real mirth, it was pushed and continued until every reader of that particular journal was sick of the very name. Then it was ripe for theatrical use. The part was allotted to an artificially created musical-comedy star, and about the two was erected a very elaborate and very expensive combination of scenery, would-be-catchy music, costumes, tough dialogue, lighting ef-



EXAMPLES OF TWO SPECIES FROM THE LARGE COLLECTION OF BIRDS AT THE HIPPODROME

fects, chorus men and chorus women, especially chorus women. Of the true creative genius, of genuine originality, of the kind of thing that is done for the joy of doing it, there is not a trace.

* * *

If it is true that all historians are liars, it may be that "Glorious Betsy," which purports to deal with the career of the Miss Patterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, may be a veritable narrative of fact—it varies so from what history, made almost under our very noses, tells us about that early American discoveress in the field of foreign title-hunting. But if we depended for our history on historical plays we should very often go wrong. And in depending on Rida Johnson Young's history for a play we are not much better off. Not that the play is so very bad, but it is so evidently tailor-made that it fails to grasp and hold our sympathy.

Mary Mannering has the title part, and has lost none of the charm she brought to the old Lyceum in its palmy days.

Miss Mannering belongs in the middle range, where the comedy is not too sparkling, nor the serious passages too intense, and the character depiction allotted to her fell well within her scale. Hence her performance was an agreeable one, unmarred by extremes.

"Glorious Betsy," as theatrical entertainment, ranks above the average.

* * *

The limit of its possibilities might seem to have been reached before this by the Hippodrome, but it has never had such an aggregate of attractions as it puts before the public this year. Any one of three of its features—the college ball game, the eight-oared boat-race, and the realistic horse-race—would make the fortune of the usual melodrama. On top of these achievements are piled a complete circus under a canvas tent, a

ballet, entitled "The Land of the Birds," which in bigness, gorgeousness and beauty excels anything of the sort ever done in America, and an air-ship spectacle called "The Battle in the Skies," which is really impressive, and in view of recent achievements, seems almost prophetic of what may happen in the near future. Messrs. Shubert and Anderson, the managers, Mr. Burnside, the director, and Mr. Klein, who composes most of the accompanying music, have perfected here what is probably the greatest collection of amusement ever presented in the world's history.

Perhaps New Yorkers do not realize what a remarkable place of entertainment they possess in the Hippodrome. The people of any other city would never cease bragging about it, both its bigness and the quality of its productions.

* * *



AWM" is the way you pronounce it, although it is spelled Maugham, and, being an English name, might equally well be pronounced,

after the fashion of that interesting country, "Meacham," "Muggins," "Maginnis," or even "Stoppenhauser." Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is the new English dramatist who has achieved the distinction of springing into notice with four plays more or less successfully produced in one season. In fertility he may be compared with our own Mr. Clyde Fitch, and, judging by "Jack Straw," the Englishman is not unlike the American in that he takes a slender theme and endeavors to make it interesting by its faithfully reproduced fashionable atmosphere, smart lines and mildly laughable situations.

"Jack Straw" is a study in snobbery

and royalty-worship. British snobbishness has been pretty well exploited on the stage and in literature. A certain Thackeray did it fairly well in the pigmy days of English literature, and Mr. Maugham has improved upon the work of that forgotten author only in bringing his snobs into more up-to-date stage surroundings. The plot is thin and obvious, but the playwright handles it skilfully, and makes it yield a sufficient amount of complication for a short evening's amusement.

Mr. Frohman makes it the vehicle for Mr. John Drew's annual impersonation, and incidentally makes it prove the managerial axiom about the public's liking for Mr. Drew's personality as against his versatility. Mr. Drew appears first slightly disguised in Galway whiskers and a waiter's livery. He is greeted cordially but not enthusiastically by the audience. Shortly after, he makes a quick change and comes on in immaculate evening dress, minus whiskers, and is given the usual applause that awaits the John Drew the public insists upon having. Into the part of *Jack Straw*, otherwise the *Grand Duke Sebastian*, *incognito*, Mr. Drew throws a sprightliness and enjoyment of the fun of the role that takes us back to the Daly days more than has any one of his later impersonations. This may be due to the presence in the cast of such contemporaries of that time as Rose Coghlan, Adelaide Prince and Grace Henderson. Of these Rose Coghlan fully justified her selection for the part of the prime snob, *Mrs. Parker Jennings*. The author drew the part strongly accented, and Miss Coghlan missed none of his points.

"Jack Straw" does not of itself mark Mr. Maugham as a dramatic genius, but well played, as it is, by Mr. Drew and his company, it is very agreeable, light entertainment. *Metcalf.*

· LIFE ·

All in the Same Boat



SOMEBODY'S BOY

When you're trying to snooze, and your nerves are on edge,
And the sea makes you frightfully ill,
And somebody's boy blows a horn in your ear,
Just remember—Thou shalt not kill!



POOR CLARIBEL!

Claribel Cuddle is always alone,
Always alone on the decks;
Always alone in dark corners, poor girl—
With one of the impudent sex!

A Delicate Question



IS a man's first duty to his own family or to his client? Take, for instance, a patient—call him William—who is being treated for a disease considered incurable. His doctor, of the old school, tells him frankly and kindly that the best they can do is to hold the disease in check, prolong William's life, perhaps, and make his remaining days comfortable. While this treatment is going on William begins to hear tales of what the osteopaths are doing. His friends tell him of sudden cures of cases resembling his own. William hates quackery, but as he cannot ignore this testimony, he finally mentions the subject to his doctor. His doctor, a liberal minded man, tells William, regretfully, that while the osteopaths, like other quacks, produce temporary results that amaze the ignorant, they work far more harm than good; that osteopathy is merely a form of massage at best, and that William's disease is a deeper matter. Besides, the osteopathic treatment is rough, and often dangerous.

William is secretly relieved by this information, for he hates changing about and he has no use for all the new "pathies."

But the surprising tales persist in reaching him. Even

members of his own family relate extraordinary cures of seemingly hopeless cases, without drugs or surgery. Finally, to make a long story short, William, who *does* want to live, visits an osteopath. He is ashamed, but he does it. The theory and treatment, as explained to him, certainly seem rational. Moreover, he finds these osteopaths are curing cases much worse than his own. And when William himself is cured he blames the old school doctor for not sending him at once to the osteopath.

But is William just?

Is it ever expected that a lawyer, a doctor, an architect, or any man of standing, shall say to his client "Go to my rival. He is wiser than I am. Give your money to him instead of to me"?

In accusing the old school doctor of fraud William is doubly unfair, as that doctor despises the osteopath and honestly believes him a quack. And we all know how easy it is to believe what is most desirable.

William argues, however, the success of osteopathy now being common knowledge, that when he pays a doctor for advice the doctor should give whatever advice is most likely to lead to a cure. The doctor might argue that he gave William what William paid for, the best treatment he knew how to give.

Which is right?

There's the Rub!

MRS. DORCAS: It will show that the world has advanced when men in the street cars give their seats to women.

DORCAS: It looks to me, my dear, that the real reform will come when the companies give one a seat.



IN THE MIRROR MAZE
"IF I KNEW WHICH WAS ME I'D WALK OUT"

You Never Can Tell
If a man deserts from the army, his pay stops, his uniform is taken away from him, he is deprived of his citizen-

ship and locked up in jail for a term of years. He has done a disgraceful thing.

If a man deserts his wife and family he is relieved of their support, can spend

his time as he likes in any other State in the Union and no one knows the difference or cares. Is that why so many more men marry than join the army?



THE WRESTLING MATCH



THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—Friedrich von Logan (Longfellow's translation).
Ladies Home Journal.

LAUGHING CYNICISMS

Tit-for-tat is a game that is older than golf.
Many a "Saint" has a homely face to thank for her halo.

Fools never listen to the wise; but the wise occasionally give ear to fools.

Much is forgiven Beauty at the Court of Injustice.

To be bad-for-something is stronger than to be good-for-nothing.

Candor is the cold-water spigot of Truth.
A dull hearing and a bad memory have proved immensely profitable afflictions.—Lippincott's.

HE KNEW

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY: Ah, professor! What would this old oak say if it could talk?

PROFESSOR: It would say, "I am an elm."—Scrapbook.

A NATURAL THOUGHT

An Englishman, witnessing his first baseball game, was struck by a hot one off the bat. On coming to, he asked, faintly: "What was it?"

"A foul," they told him, "only a foul!"
"My word!" he exclaimed, "I thought it was a mule."—Boston Evening Transcript.

CURE FOR LOVE

"I remember once," says Professor Grange, "hearing two very ordinary men, a bricklayer and a plumber, discuss love in a smoking car."

"'I hold,' said the bricklayer, 'that if you are terribly in love, the way to cure yourself is to run away.'"

"The plumber shook his head and sneered.

"'That will cure you,' he said, 'provided you run away with the girl.'"—Tatler.



HE BLEW OUT THE GAS

GOOD PROOF

MRS. KNICKER: "How do you know your husband was working down in the office?"

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE: "I telephoned, and Central said 'Busy.'"—New York Sun.

TOMMY (aged ten): "Dad, what is the bone of contention?"

MR. HENPECK: "The jawbone."—Good Housekeeping.

THERE was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Here at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."—Argonaut.

NURSE (announcing the expected): "Professor, it's a little boy. PROFESSOR: (absentmindedly): "Well, ask him what he wants."—Boston Transcript.

EFFIE, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a long sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Effie.—Harper's Weekly.

"If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of his class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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A British Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Your center cartoon this week is simply a scandal for a fair-minded journal, such as I have always taken yours to be.

While there was some friction between the various bodies of athletes and the English officials—and certainly the latter made some mistakes—no one can prove any charges of intentional injustice or discrimination against any athlete or body of athletes.

Charges that were made in the heat of competition and by men smarting under defeat have since been withdrawn. Several of the best men of the United States team have stated in the public press of Boston and New York that there had been no cause for complaint, and that they were perfectly satisfied with the treatment that they had received at the hands of the English authorities.

Your clever cartoonist—for I will admit that his work is clever, even if based on a falsehood—was particularly unfortunate in choosing the "Marathon" race as his subject, as surely there is no shadow of doubt as to the fairness shown in that race.

It is cartoons such as you have issued and the yellow journal screeds about international sport that cause so much trouble, and make out of a grand idea, such as the Olympic games, one source of irritation and international jealousy, destroying the very spirit which the games purpose to create and foster. Yours sincerely,

A. T. Chapman.

MONTREAL, September 4, 1908.

MIXED PARENTAGE

A small boy, writing a composition on Quakers, wound up by saying that the "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never call each other, and never jaw back." He added: "Pa is a Quaker, but I really don't think ma can be."—*Tit-Bits*.

"On my knees I begged her for a kiss." "And what did she say?" "Told me to get up and be practical."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

INTELLIGENT RESCUER (to skater who has fallen through): "Steady, old man, steady! Keep cool!"—*London Bystander*.

"What is the height of your ambition?" "Don't know exactly. About five feet three. I should say at a guess."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

RIVAL DIGNITIES

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the King whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

ALL FOR HIM

"Your fiancée seems to have a will of her own." "Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm sole beneficiary."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A CRUEL MISINTERPRETATION

"Do you know," said Mrs. Youngbride, with a tremble in her voice, "this is the first time we have been separated?"

"Cheer up," said Uncle Cynicus, "it won't be the last!"—*Somerville Journal*.

"I GIVE in," said the anti-Darwinist. "We're related to the lower animals all right."

"What changed your mind?"

"Fellow over in New York who ate fifty ears of corn at a sitting."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARY

JUNGLE EYES

THE gruesome jungle depths lay dark one dire and stormy eve,
The haughty tiger slunk in fear and left his lair to grieve,
For he had heard that to these parts a hunter bold had come,
Whose reputation, rifle-made, was MORE than "Going some,"
And from the thickets he looked out with thumping heart amiss,
And Nature Fakers give report his eyes they looked like this:—
(O) (O) (O) (O) (O) (O)

When Teddy hit the Jungle Trail, his rifle in his clutch,
He plucked the tiger from his haunts, which pleased him overmuch,
Bang—bang, another spiteful shot rang on the evening air;
"Click—click," his bold typewriter gave repeated echo there,
And as the night eyes glared at him his soul was filled with bliss,
And as he jotted down the facts the optics looked like this:—
(\$) (\$) (\$) (\$) (\$) (\$)
—Commercial Advertiser.

A SUGGESTIVE LAPSE OF MEMORY

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought."
"Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgit what it was."—*Philadelphia Press*.

THERE are some books that one cannot read without great discomfort, and *Motoring Abroad*, by Frank Presbrey, is one of them (*The Outlook Publishing Company, New York*). It makes you feel as if you would like to cut sticks, put on a few extra tires and start for Brittany. Mr. Presbrey has produced a very readable book, especially so as the half-tones in it are admirably printed and the type is large enough to read with the naked eye.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

SAID the editor to the new reporter, "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds'; says, 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Oh, get something about that First Ward social to-night." And this is the report turned in by the young man, who heeded the editor's warning:

"It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11.30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"—*Argonaut*.

"So," remarked the boyhood friend, "you are in the swim."

"Mother and the girls think I am," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but my personal feelings are those of a man who has fallen overboard and ought to be hollerin' for help."—*Washington Star*.

NON SEQUITUR

Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began. "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"If," his mother prompted.

"If he hollers let him go, enny, meny, minny, mo!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."



He Got What People Read About

SOME years ago a young man in a small city invested the few hundred dollars he had saved as a clerk, with a few borrowed hundreds, in a small store of his own.

It was a tiny place, and he started with one clerk and a boy. There were some thundering big competitors in that town — stores with reputation, and a hundred times his capital. But he was n't afraid. He had looked the field over, and saw that a little fellow like himself could give a good deal better service in some ways, and make friends faster than a corporation.

One thing especially impressed him. Talking with the postmaster and newsdealers, he found that every good family took magazines and periodicals. Magazines contain advertising of commodities. Every family must therefore read, every month, pages and pages of information about advertised things. He considered that mighty important to a little fellow like himself.

So, from the first day, he began to let people in that town know that no matter what they read about anywhere that was new, or little-known, or fancy quality, or made abroad, he was the merchant who would show most interest in getting it for them. His competitors were strong on the big, staple, everyday lines, and had them priced to a hair. But in getting new and unusual goods they were indifferent. "If I make good where the other fellows fall down," he reasoned, "people are not going to forget it, you bet." And they did n't. For he always made good.

He was enterprising in another way. When he had the goods he delivered them quickly. There was a special express service in that town that cost ten cents more, but saved a day. That was the one he patronised. He thought a day pretty cheap at ten cents, even if it took all your profit on the first sale, so long as somebody was waiting — and his big competitors using a slower service.

Getting the things that people read about gave that little merchant an advantage in buying that virtually put him on a par with his big competitors. They had money

to buy cheaper than he in staple lines. He had enterprise and personality, however, and focused in his small shop all the new, growing demand.

People don't buy new goods for whimsical reasons. If they want a new thing once, they will want it again, and other people will want it. Ninety-five per cent. of his calls were for new commodities that were in the process of becoming staples. He got acquainted with such goods while they were young — while the manufacturers were explaining them by advertising, and people were reading about them. He gaged future demand before his competitors were awake, and secured that future trade. Competitors feared goods bearing the manufacturer's trade-mark because they imagined it hurt their reputations. This small merchant saw, however, that no manufacturer could work hard building up business through advertising without working for him too, as long as he was alert and took care of demand in his own town. Far from fearing trade-marks, he considered them excellent, and adopted one himself.

That merchant to-day has ten thousand square feet of floor space, and it is n't as much as he really needs. He employs forty clerks, and maintains a wagon service that saves a day and a half on some deliveries. When his big competitor realised what he was doing they attacked him openly, selling staple merchandise below cost day after day to draw away his patronage. But they could n't hurt him. He had too many friends. He had too secure a reputation for giving service.

Low prices really carry a far less definite and stable value in business than Quality, Service and Enterprise. And the big competitors had only low prices to pit against him. For, in this novel function of going after goods that people were reading about he was supreme. He had undertaken that when nobody else was doing it. He had discovered this demand, and taken care of it aggressively, and to-day in that town this privilege of going after such things is his, and always will be, because he was first to supply them.

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LIFE'S THANKSGIVING NUMBER

Double Monthly Special dated Nov. 5th.

LIFE copy \$250.00 per page; one-half and one-quarter page pro rata.

Magazine copy 60c. per agate line. Last forms close October 22nd.

For information pertaining to advertising address

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON,
Manager Advertising Department,
LIFE, 17 W. 31st St., New York.

· LIFE ·

LINES TO MARY ANN

I was hasty, very hasty—I am sorry, Mary Ann.
Won't you come back to our kitchen and forgive me
if you can?
I am longing, Mary, longing for a look into your
eyes,
And my human self is hungry, hungry for your
lemon pies;
For the matter of a dollar we have drifted far apart,
I will pay, if you'll forgive me and will forge an
apple tart.
When I see the leaden biscuit and the leathery steak
I scan,
I am on my knees for pardon, for your pardon,
Mary Ann.

I remember how it happened, it is clear as it can be,
How you wanted twenty dollars, and I told you
Twenty-three;
I was very young and foolish, on my dignity intent,
And I swear it, Mary, swear it, did not know what
cooking meant.
I am older now and chastened; won't you pardon me
the break?
Won't you listen to my pleading and come back to
broil a steak?
Won't you smother me with mushrooms, fashioned,
Mary, as you can?
Won't you make some fluffy biscuit like you used to,
Mary Ann?

Ah, if you could lift the biscuit! Ah, if you could
only look
On the pale, anæmic coffee since my wife has had
to cook;
If you saw the steak she serves me, how our every
daily meal
From once being a real pleasure has become but an
ordeal,
You'd have pity, Mary, pity, though your love for
me is gone,
And you'd hurry back, I know it, and would put the
broiler on;
And the gravity specific of the biscuits you'd re-
duce—
Oh, have mercy, Mary, mercy; don't be stubborn—
what's the use?

—Saturday Evening Post.

FAKE NEWSPAPERS

The independence of the press is a fake. In every
city the papers may appear to fight against one an-
other upon the surface, but in every case they have
a business combination to shut out the newcomer.
The established daily papers in any city are as much
a trust as the steel trust or the Standard Oil—while
the Associated Press is another national trust—and
it is exceptionally rare that any one can break in
upon the combination and fight it; and if one does,
it must be solely through the possession of financial
support, great enough to fight to a finish the estab-
lished newspaper wealth of the community, controlling
and owning carriers, newsboys and newsdealers abso-
lutely. Of course, when a new paper so backed suc-
ceeds it is not to be expected that the paper will take
up the cause of the people against the interest of the
men of great wealth, who have put their money into
the new journalistic enterprise. The newspapers of
any city will always be found a unit when there comes
up any matter which the public service interests and
the interests of the advertisers are a unit.

At the height of the recent—or perhaps we should
say the present—panic, the daily newspapers were as
dumb as oysters before the lawlessness, the brazen
effrontery and the sublime nerve of the consolidated
banks in refusing to give the depositors their own
money, and in issuing promises to pay which had no
more validity than the rankest counterfeit. In St.
Louis, when one newspaper presumed to utter a feeble
chirp upon the subject, in one edition, the office was
jammed and crammed with great advertisers, ordered
there by the banks, to protest against further criti-
cism of the lawless action of the bankers. There was
no pretense that what the bankers were doing was
right, but the newspaper had to modify its tone, and
said very little up to the time that all the "John
Smiths" were called in.—William Marion Reedy, in
the St. Louis Mirror.

FOR THREE HUNDRED
YEARS THE WORLD'S
MOST FAMOUS CORDIAL

GREEN
AND
YELLOW

GREEN
AND
YELLOW



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Pères Chartreux

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

THE FINE QUALITY AND PURITY OF

**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**

AND ITS RICH, MELLOW TONE
MAKE IT THE PREFERRED
WHISKEY OF THOSE WHO

KNOW THE BEST
LIKE THE BEST
BUY THE BEST

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Best Bitter Liqueur



Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters

The Tonic Cordial
in favor through-
out Europe for over
sixty years. Enjoy-
able as a cocktail,
and better for you.

Sold Everywhere.

LUYTIES BROTHERS
U. S. Agents. New York

Distinctiveness in
CLASS PINS

Unique and attractive in design, Reiser Pins are
the choice of many leading schools, colleges, clubs
and fraternities. Original designs in gold and silver.
B B B Class and Fraternity Pins—lettered as de-
sired. Write for finely illustrated booklet of Pins, Medals and Odd
Things in College Jewelry. Attractive Offer to College Book Stores.
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No matter how much or
how little you smoke you
are always sure of ten
new smoking joys in
every box of

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

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in boxes of ten
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the after-dinner size
35c



Latest Creations of

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Stuyler
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 In Sealed Tins

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Marshmallows
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 In 10-cent Packages

Trio de Luxe
 For Afternoon Teas

Summer Mint Watches
 A Unique Children's Package

The usual *Stuyler's* Superiority of
 Quality and Flavor

On sale at all *Stuyler's* Sales Agencies
 and at *Stuyler's* 50 Retail Stores

Short Stories in Collier's Fiction Number

BEGINNING with September the last issue of each month will be largely devoted to Short Stories, and be known as the Fiction Number. Love and romance, adventure and work-a-day life, on land and sea—such tales will be published in great variety, chosen from the representative work of leading writers in the English language. A collection of exceptional stories, by well-known writers, has already been secured.

October Fiction Number

Issued September 26th

ROMANCE. By Robert W. Chambers

THE ROAD AGENT

By Stewart Edward White

THE VENTURE OF THE FLYING HIND

By James B. Connolly

Stories for the November Fiction Number, by equally noted authors, will be announced next month.

Collier's

The National Weekly

Are you going to move?

If you are, don't fail to notify LIFE of your changed address. When ordering a change give the old as well as the new address.

Subscription Dept., LIFE, 17 W. 31st Street, New York.

AND HIS LONG SUIT, TOO.

TRAMP: Lady, have you a pair of trousers which your husband has discarded?

KIND LADY: Yes. Here they are, but they will not last long—my husband discards from weakness.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE CUSTOMARY PLACE.

A well-known English bishop some time since lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?"

"Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton."—*Cleveland Leader.*

AN AMENDMENT.

"What a stately creature that tall blonde is! She always makes me think of her as the ox-eyed Juno."

"Per-oxide, you mean."—*Baltimore American.*

THESE DAYS.

KNICKER: I hear Jones is recovering from an operation.

BOCKER: Appendix or stocks?—*SN.*

QUITE NATURAL.

"Well, how does it feel to have a niche in the Temple of Fame?"

"Quite natural," replied the now celebrated poet. "I've always lived in a hall bedroom."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"Smith tells me he has been graduated from an automobile school."

"Yes; he feelingly refers to it as alma motor."—*Bellman.*

FIRST BRIDESMAID: They are well matched, don't you think?

SECOND BRIDESMAID: Rather—she's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian!—*London Opinion.*

THE PEKIN POOR RELATION.

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation:

"One day he met the head of his family in the street.

"Come and dine with us to-night," the mandarin said, graciously.

"Thank you," said the poor relation. "But wouldn't to-morrow night do just as well?"

"Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?" asked the mandarin, curiously.

"At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE BEGINNING OF A COMMONPLACE.

Adam and Eve were packing up.

"Yes," they protested, "we had a perfectly charming time in the country."

Thus the vacation lie had its birth.—*SUN.*

A THOROUGH BLOCK SYSTEM.

After the train had made several sudden jerks and abrupt stops, the traveler became apprehensive, says a writer in the *Chicago News*. There had been numerous accidents on the line of late, and there was cause for fear. Calling the porter aside, he said:

"Sam, is this train safe?"

"Safe as any, sah," assured the porter.

"Well, is there a block system on this road?"

Sam's grin extended from ear to ear.

"Block system, boss? Why, we hab de greatest block system in de world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were souf by a cow, and I reckon when we get further aouf we'll be blocked by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, Ah guess!"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE supreme modesty of the Republican platform can be compared to nothing except the timid violet.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*



A Club Cocktail Is A Bottled Delight

Refreshing, cooling, with just the delicate stimulation needed to restore the jaded summer appetite, a CLUB COCKTAIL strained through cracked ice is a wonderful incentive to a hearty, enjoyable meal.

Get a bottle from
 your dealer

Martini (gin base), Manhattan (whiskey base), are universal favorites

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
 Sole Props.

Hartford

New York

London



Reproductions in Miniature of Gowns and Hats from the October Anniversary Number of

DRESS

the recognized authority on fashion—"the most beautiful magazine of our times."

\$5 A YEAR

Published in connection with "Les Modes" of Paris, the fashion authority of the European courts.

DRESS treats of smart gowning as an art. It portrays in the most beautiful and artistic manner the newest and smartest of sartorial creations in Paris and New York. Dress enters the homes of the smartest and best-dressed women as an authority, predicting the forthcoming modes with precision and displaying the most bewitching of present styles adopted by women whose taste is unerring.

DRESS has won its place among the necessities of existence in the home of the woman who lives beyond easy access to the great centres of fashion. It brings to these homes each month accounts of the latest productions in the fashion world and all the deliciously feminine trinkets and accessories which are so dear to the dainty woman's heart.

DRESS, although maintaining fashions as its primary theme, has many subsidiary features of intense interest to the cultured woman. The news of the stage and society, hygiene, boudoir hints, suggestions for the hostess, helps to entertaining, etc., etc.—in short, DRESS covers the complete interest of fashionable women. It is

Charming! Practical! Helpful!

Send your subscription today and it will begin with the ANNUAL SPECIAL NUMBER FOR OCTOBER

Publishers of DRESS, 11 West 36th Street, New York.

Dear Sirs: I enclose \$5.00 for which please send me DRESS for one year beginning with the current issue.

Name

Street

City

Latest Books

The Blotting Book, by E. F. Benson. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00.)
Weeping Cross, by Henry L. Stuart. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Round the Corner in Gay Street, by Grace S. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)
The Car and the Lady, by Percy F. Megargel and Grace S. Mason. (Baker & Taylor Co.)
Tamar Curse, by Berthe St. Luz. (R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.00.)
Beau Brummel, by Clyde Fitch. (John Lane Company.)
The Duke's Motto, by Austin Huntly McCarthy. (Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)
The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel, by Randall Parrish. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.)
The Last Duchess of Belgrade, by Molly Elliot Seawell. (D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.)
Thou Fool, by J. J. Bell. (The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.)
The Sword of Dundee, by Theodora Peck. (Duffield & Co. \$1.50.)
Louise de la Valliere, and the Early Life of Louis XIV, by Jules Lair. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
A Commentary, by John Galsworthy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Last of the Plainsmen, by Zane Grey. (Outing Publishing Co. \$1.50.)
The Riverman, by Stewart Edward White. (McClure Co.)
Merchant of Venice. (Duffield & Co. 80 cents.)
Twelfth Night. (Duffield & Co. 80 cents.)
Well in the Desert, by Adeline Knapp. (Century Co. \$1.50.)
By Right of Purchase, by Harold Bindloss. (F. A. Stokes Co.)
Lentala, by W. C. Morrow. (F. A. Stokes Co.)
The Student Cavaliers, by J. R. Forrest. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)
The Book of the Little Past, by Josephine P. Peabody. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston. \$1.50.)
Cousin Cinderella, by Mrs. Eberard Cotes. (The Macmillan Co.)
A Grand Army Man, by Harvey J. O'Higgins. (The Century Co.)
Canadian Types of the Old Regime, by Chas. W. Colby. (Henry Holt & Co.)
Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known, by O. O. Howard. (Century Co. \$1.50.)
The Devil, by Ferenc Molnar. (Mitchell & Kennerly.)
The Millers and Their New Home, by Clara D. Pierson. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.)
A Spirit in Prison, by Robert Hichens. (Harper & Bros. \$1.75.)
The Seven Champions of Christendom, by Thos. Cartwright. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.)
Sigurd the Dragon Slayer, by Thos. Cartwright. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.)
Heartbreak Hill, by Herman K. Wiele. (Duffield & Co. \$1.50.)
Faust, by Stephen Phillips and J. C. Carr. (The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)
Builders of United Italy, by Rupert S. Holland. (Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00 net.)
Angel Esquire, by Edgar Wallace. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
A Lord of Lands, by Ramsey Benson. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
Hilary on Her Own, by Mabel Barnes Grundy. (The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.)
The High Adventure, by Hugh de Selincourt. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)
Top of the World, by Mark E. Swan. (E. P. Dutton Co. \$1.50.)
Red Cap Adventures, by S. R. Crockett. (The Macmillan Co.)
The Old, Old Myths of Greece and Rome, by Thomas Cartwright. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.)
"One for Wod and One for Lok", by Thomas Cartwright. (E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cents.)
The Adopting of Rosa Marie, by Carrol Watson Rankin. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare, by Meredith Nicholson. (Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)
Flower of the Dusk, by Myrtle Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Kenyon Idea

"We started with the idea that clothing making customs could be improved to the betterment of the product by a manufacturing system not used anywhere else for making clothing. That this idea is a success is proven by the growth of our clean, bright, sanitary factories—the largest in the world of their kind.

"Instead of a group of workers finishing the garments with varying skill (and varied results), as in the usual sweat-shop method, each portion of the work is done by an operator who does nothing else but that one part, which work is inspected before passed on for the next operation, and so, by steps, with constant comparisons to standards by expert examiners, through hands that have become skilled beyond all precedent in the one process allotted to them, the coats are finished exactly like the skilled designer's plan; all precisely alike, no variation in workmanship and with a perfection in final result never before attained.

"Having conquered with Rain-Coats we applied this process to Overcoats, Top-Coats and Trousers. We next perfected the rubberized Rain-Coat by scientifically ascertaining what dyes would not damage the rubber and what fabrics would not spoil in the rubberizing process, making these products reliable, serviceable and useful, bringing out advance styles at an expense no smaller production would permit."

The same critical analysis that perfected their products is applied to their advertising. They aim to reach people who are most certain to be interested in their goods, and the price for the service must be right. The following letter explains itself:

J. WALTER THOMPSON CO., New York City.

Please enter our order for Ainslee's, The Popular and Smith's, at Trio rates. Men and women who pay 15 cents for these publications are good "prospects," and we see plainly that we can reach more readers and appropriately advertise more of our lines per dollar of cost with this Trio than with any other one investment.

C. KENYON COMPANY.
 Factories, Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The C. Kenyon Co. reasoned as follows:

Here are three different magazines, one, Ainslee's, of high-class fiction, which, investigation showed, is largely read by women of refinement, and by many men.

Another, The Popular, made up of stories of adventure, clever detective yarns, and those blood-quickenings tales enjoyed by all, but especially by men of active thought and keen intelligence.

The Third, Smith's Magazine, illustrated, finely edited, yet appealing to different instincts than either of the others, seeking to encourage its readers in the battle of life, not bemoaning the ills of existence.

Here certainly was a versatility to match the wide variety of the Kenyon line. Here, also, was this wide variety published from a single source, purchasable at a combined rate which figured but 74 cents per thousand of circulation, which none of the single-class papers of similar quality could offer. The whole Kenyon line could be benefited at one stroke. They struck. Here is what they get:

AINSLEE'S - - 250,000 copies per month
 POPULAR - - 330,000 copies per month
 SMITH'S - - 150,000 copies per month

Thus the C. Kenyon Co.'s advertisement will appear in 730,000 copies and will undoubtedly go before three and a half million people monthly. For this they will pay \$540 per page. This is a lower rate than can be had in most magazines selling for ten cents per copy, and lower than any other publications selling for fifteen cents, or higher, per copy. This is the Net:

High in Quality Big in Quantity Low in Price And no Duplication of Circulations
 C. C. VERNAM, General Manager, 7th Ave. and 15th St., New York City

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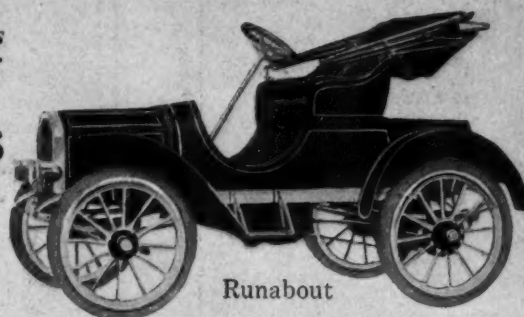
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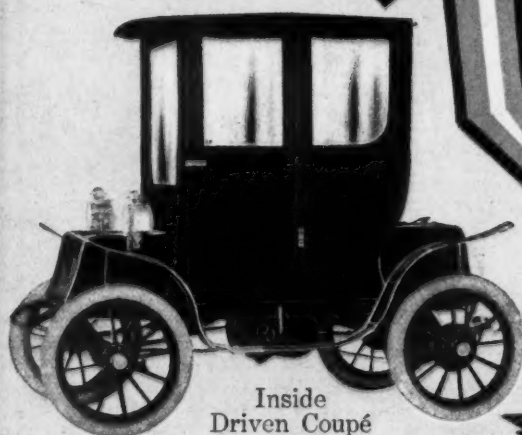
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